

LINES WRITTEN FOR ANDREW LINDSAY ON THE FIFTY-NINEH ANNIVEREARY OF HIS BIRTH BY WILLIAM LINDSAYHIS BROTHER.

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Dear Brother Andrew on this day when you've reached fifty-nine, I wish you many glad returns and hope your feeling fine.
I mind right well when you were born in Scotland far awa', In a little village by the people called Craigha'.
It was there dear Mother too was born into this vale of tears, on the third day of July and ahead just thirty years.
When you were old enough to walk an' gang about yer lane, I've often heard our mother say, he's an awful steerin wean
And as you grew and went to school she tried to train you right, but very often with your chums, you had to have a fight.

Our dear old Father lost his life when you were scarcely nine, while tending to his daily work down in an old coal mine
But in the spring of sixty two the church came to our aid and brought us to this country where our homes we since have made.
We crossed the great Atlantic on the good ship John J. Boyd, when safely at New York, we all were overjoyed.
But travel then was very slow few railroads were in sight and coming west to Florence took us ten long days and nights.
On old Missouri's western bank we were seven weeks detained waiting for the slow ox team to help us o'er the plains.

After two months weary Traveling o'er the Wild and desert land, crossing over rivers over mountains, rocks and sand.
We landed here in Safety on September twenty first and though the trip was hard poor Mother felt it worst.
When we came into this valley there were nine of us in all, but death claimed one little sister, very early that same fall.
The rest of us in course of time, all settled down in life, and every son that Mother had took himself a wife.
Our dear old Mother used to say, her sons all got good wives, and she counseled us to treat them well and fill with joy their lives.

You got a good wife like the rest, a helpmate good and true And for some thirty years at least she's faithful been to you.
You've raised a good sized family, six daughters and one boy, your other three Sadie, Will and Bob are in a world of joy.
Your grandchildren, a score or more are multiplying fast. all full of life and energy, they'll cheer you to the last.
You still are strong and hearty, altho' close to three score, a cozy home that's all your own, what could you ask for more.
Then surely you should thankful be, for all these blessings given unto the giver of all good your Father God in Heaven.

With Love and best wishes for you and yours .
Heber City Utah April 14th 1912.

A SHORT HISTORY OF SARAH JANE THOMPSON LINDSAY.

A short sketch of the life of Sarah Jane Thompson daughter of William and Sarah Fenn Thompson both of England. she was born in Provo City Utah on the 27th day of December 1857. moved with her parents in the spring of 1860 to Heber City Utah. when she was about eight years she went to live with her grandmother Thompson she being crippled up with rheumatism so you see she learned to keep house very young.

When she was about eleven years old Grandmother Thompson died she went with her mother to Provo to pick fruit and ground cherries. She next went to live with Mrs James Wheeler in Fallsburg, she stayed there one winter and from there she went to live with Captain Berner at the grist mill. She lived there about six months then she went to live on silver creek with a family by the name of Chapman, she lived there a all winter and part of the summer, from there she went to live in Salt Lake City with Charles E Savage the pioneer photographer, she then came back to Heber Utah and went to work for Mrs Abram Hatch and lived there with them until she married Andrew Lindsay in the year 1875 in the old endowment house.

Sarah Thompson was the oldest of fifteen children. she had to work very hard all her life. many a night she sat up with her Mother until one and two in the morning while grandmother braided hats by the light of the moon to sell help provide for the family.

After her two oldest children were born (Lizzie & Sadie) she and father moved to Park City or the Moberly gang where she cooked for seventeen men on a little Charter Oak stove and cared for the two babies. There were no neighbors she only saw one woman all winter the snow was so deep they could't go any place and she had just a wooden catch on the door for a lock. When they moved to the farm at Center Creek she did her share of work in getting the place fixed up and once when her husband was away for a few days she decided to build another room on the house, it was as good as some carpenters could build and was used as a summer kitchen as long as they lived there.

Sarah was a excellent cook and did the cooking for nearly all the wedding receptions given in the old Pryde hall at Center Creek. She has always been a very quit disposition not having much to say, and mindings her own business. She has always saved and never been extravagant, I don't think she ever wasted a thing in her life. She was always ambitious and took great pride in keeping her house clean and I have heard her neighbors say they could of eaten off her door step.

Sarah has given birth to ten children three girls and two boys have passed to the great beyond. and of late she has been in very poor health and has suffered very severely with neuritis but has been very patient complaining very little.

Written by Mrs Chas McPhie.

November 5 1931.